

MARCH

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT



TOM
GILL

VOL. 6 NO. 8

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers!

The March of Dimes will be in full swing by the time this issue of BLUE BOLT hits the stands and we're counting on you to support it 100%. It's a mighty worthy cause; it helps thousands stricken by infantile paralysis back to healthy, worthwhile lives. It's a terrific job; fighting against epidemics, caring for patients, keeping fully staffed hospitals and research departments in full swing; and our help is needed—yours and mine! How about it, gang?

You **MOST** readers will find an old enemy of Dick Cole's in this issue of BLUE BOLT. Denny is really out for revenge and Dick will find it mighty hard to side-step his shrewd maneuvers. Krisko and Jasper are still getting into trouble hot and heavy and you few who haven't quite cared for Sergeant Spook will get a terrific kick out of him this trip. Write and tell us whether you like two short stories in BLUE BOLT, like those in this issue, or whether you would prefer one longer story. We'll print what **YOU** want. We've gotten quite a few letters about the fiction either objecting to it or giving it an ok, but none say whether they care for the one-pagers or the two-pagers.

Hope you all had a corking New Year — don't forget the March of Dimes!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading my favorite comic book — BLUE BOLT naturally! I enjoy Dick Cole more than any other story because he is never dull. As a matter of fact, your book is everyone's favorite.

I hope that the paper situation will soon ease up so you can have an entire book of Dick Cole. You can always count me as a Dick Cole fan.

Sincerely,
Terry Azar
Jacksonville, Florida

Glad to hear you enjoy Dick Cole so much, Terry. How's the story in this issue?

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT for a long time now. I think Dick Cole and Edison Bell are the best. Sergeant Spook is good, too. The other stories are o.k. and the Q's and A's are very interesting.

Thanks an awful lot for putting out such a good comic as BLUE BOLT.

A faithful reader,
Mary Tormey
New Rochelle, New York

You and Terry seem to agree on Dick Cole. We're glad that girls as well as boys like the Farr stories.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the last issue of BLUE BOLT. It really is, in my opinion, the best comic book on the market.

My favorite stories are Dick Cole, Fearless Fellers, and Cap Hawkins' Tales. Need I say the others are all good, too?

To my regret I cannot always get this book, but when I do, I enjoy it to its full extent, you may be sure.

A faithful reader,
Evelyn Berger
Cincinnati, Ohio

You'll have less and less trouble getting BLUE BOLT now, Evelyn, since the war is over.

Dear Editors:

I'm an old reader of BLUE BOLT and I have the first issue. The stories are swell but I wish Dick Cole would have more adventures like his en-

counters with Simba Karne in Volume II.

And now the problem of a story for girls! I don't think BLUE BOLT should be ruined by a girl's silly escapade. There are several magazines printed for girls only. BLUE BOLT is tops — keep it that way.

An old fan,
George Webber
Breckenridge, Texas

There can be girls in a story, George, and still plenty of action and excitement. Just watch.

Dear Editors:

I am 12 years old and am writing to tell you how much I enjoy BLUE BOLT. I like Dick Cole best, but they're really all swell. Thanks for publishing BLUE BOLT but I wish you'd have just one story for the girls.

Yours truly,
Dorothy Dennemann
Cincinnati, Ohio

We're getting more and more girls into BLUE BOLT, Dorothy. Haven't you noticed?

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT very much, and also I find great pleasure in reading BLUE BOLT Flashes. It is nice to know that this comic is circulating every place . . . (even in England). My parents like this comic, too.

I particularly like the adventures of the Fearless Fellers.

Yours truly,
Vera E. King
Hazardville, Conn.

Hope you get a kick out of the pranks of the Fearless Fellers this issue, Vera.

★ ★ ★
**GIVE TO THE
VICTORY
CLOTHING
COLLECTION**

★ ★ ★

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

IN THE BACK ROOM
OF ERNIE'S POOL PARLOR IN
CENTERVIEW TWO MEN ARE TALK-
ING. ONE MAN IS DENNIS, AN OLD
ENEMY OF DICK COLE. THE MAN
WITH DENNIS HAS BEEN
ASKING QUESTIONS.

WELL, JOE, YOU'RE JUST BACK FROM
THREE YEARS IN STIR, SO, HERE'S
THE SCORE. FIRST, CENTERVIEW'S
AI TO WORK OUT OF. SECOND,
THE BOYS AIN'T HERE 'COUNT OF
A HI-JACKIN' JOB IN COLEDO
FOR MR. Y. LAST, I'M HERE TO
GET DICK COLE!

WHO'S
DICK
COLE?
FLAT-
FOOT,
OR...?

HE'S A
CADET AT
FARR MILITARY
ACADEMY. A YEAR AGO
HE GUMMED A DEAL, LORD
LUDD GETS KILLED, I GETS
LAID UP FOR MONTHS WITH
TWO BUSTED LEGS. THEN,
LAST NOVEMBER, COLE
DOES IT AGAIN,

WOT!
BUST YER
GAMS AGAIN?



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NO, YOU DOPE! GUM THE WORKS AGAIN!
THE BOYS HAVE FIVE GRAND OF MR. Y'S
DOUGH... THERE'S A CHAMPEEN FOOT-
BALL GAME, FARR AND HOLDEN.
FIVE GRAND BRINGS TEN GRAND...
IF WE BACK THE WINNER.

SO?

COLE'S THE STAR FOR FARR, SO, WE
BET ON HOLDEN, THEN KIDNAP
COLE TO KEEP HIM OUT OF THE
GAME. BUT, COLE ESCAPES AND
WINS THE GAME FOR FARR.
BLOOEY GOES FIVE GRAND!

JOE, THERE'S A C NOTE
FOR YOU IF YOU'LL HELP
GET DICK COLE!

I CAN
USE A
HUNDRED,
DENNY. WHEN
DO WE START?



THE LOUNGE
AT FARR
MILITARY
ACADEMY.

HEY, DICK, HOW
D'YOU LIKE THE
IDEA OF HAVIN'
MOUNTAIN
MANEUVERS?

FARR
NEVER
HELD
THEM
BEFORE.

HOW COME
ONLY THE
UPPER
CLASSES
ARE IN ON
IT?



THE SCHOOL HAS ONLY ABOUT
A HUNDRED WINTER OUTFITS,
ENOUGH FOR THE FIFTH AND
SIXTH FORMS. THIS SHOULD
BE FUN, AND I'M ALL FOR IT.



WHY, COLE? HOW YOU GOING
TO PULL YOUR HERO STUFF?
SNOW, ICE AND MOUNTAINS
WILL CRAMP YOUR STYLE!

LAY OFF,
BARK! QUIT
LOOKIN' FOR
TROUBLE!

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF
YOUR HECKLING DICK!
PUT UP OR SHUT UP,
BARK HALL!

WELL, WELL! LIL'
SIMBA SUNSHINE!
WHERE'D YOU COME
FROM? LADIES' AND?



2

QUESTION - NO. 1. In slang, is ten grand \$100, \$1,000, \$10,000?



JOE! IT'S US FOR MT. ROCKY SATURDAY. I'VE A HUNCH WE CAN GET DICK COLE DURING THOSE MUNOOVERS! C'MON, WE GOTTA BUY OUTFITS. AND...THE ANTE IS RAISED TO TWO C's, 'COUNT IT'LL BE COLD WORK.



SATURDAY NOON ON MT. ROCKY.

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN. WE. THE GREEN ARMY ARE ACTING AS A REAR GUARD. THE BLACK ARMY IS THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY. THE PROBLEM. TO HOLD MT. ROCKY FOR SIX HOURS AGAINST THE BLACK ARMY.



THERE ARE THREE ROADS OVER MT. ROCKY WHICH MUST BE HELD. ONE CROSSES A CHASM BY AN OLD BRIDGE. WE HAVE PERMISSION TO REALLY BLOW IT UP.... ATTENTION TO ORDERS!



LT. KARNO, YOU AND YOUR PLATOON DEFEND ROAD X. LT. TODLEY, YOU DEFEND ROAD Y. LT COLE, YOU ARE TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE ON ROAD Z... THEN HOLD THE PASS. MY COMMAND POST WILL BE AT A2.



LT. COLE, TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONS SO NO ONE IS INJURED WHEN YOU BLOW UP THE BRIDGE. WATCH ESPECIALLY FOR BLACK ARMY PATROLS.

YES, SIR.



30 MINUTES LATER.

WELL, HERE'S THE BRIDGE. CORP'RAL SNEED, TWO MAN PATROLS OUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS, NORTH, EAST AND WEST, FOR SAFETY. CORP'RAL SLIP'RY, YOU, MILLS, READ, SET THE CHARGE AND BLOW THE BRIDGE AT MY SIGNAL, LEND ME YOUR RIFLE AND BAYONET, MILLS.



QUESTION No. 2 Do seaplanes have pontoons, pantaloons, or platoons?

I'M SCOUTING AS FAR SOUTH AS THAT TALL DEAD TREE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK. THE SUN WILL GLINT FROM THIS BAYONET... WHEN I SIGNAL WITH IT, FROM THAT TREE, SET OFF THE CHARGE, POSTS!



DICK DEPARTS, AND SLIP'RY AND HIS MEN GO ABOUT SETTING THE CHARGE TO DESTROY THE OLD BRIDGE, MEANWHILE, ABOUT TWO MILES TO THE SOUTH DENNY AND JOE ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS TOWARDS MT. ROCKY.

PUFF-PUFF... EASE UP A-PUFF-MINUTE, DENNY... WHAT DO WE-PUFF-DO WITH COLE WHEN WE GET PUFF-HIM?

COLE IS GOING TO FALL OVER A CLIFF ACCIDENTAL, OF COURSE.



AND, ABOUT THE SAME DISTANCE AWAY, TO THE SOUTH EAST—

SERGEANT JAXON, SCOUT THAT PATH WITH THREE MEN. FASANI AND I WILL FOLLOW THIS TRAIL.

OKAY, BARK-ER... I MEAN, YES, SIR.



LATER...

SEE THAT TALL DEAD TREE UP AHEAD? WE'LL CLIMB THAT AND HAVE A LOOK. WE SHOULD BE GETTING CLOSE TO ROAD Z, FAŠANI, AND MAYBE SOME FUN!



MEANWHILE, DICK REACHES THE DEAD TREE.

HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL, SO I'LL CLIMB UP AND SIGNAL SLIP'RY, BEFORE A BLACK ARMY PATROL HAPPENS ALONG.



AS DICK REACHES THE TREE, HE IS SPOTTED BY DENNY, HALF A MILE AWAY.

JOE! QUICK! TAKE THE GLASSES! THERE'S COLE! STANDING BY THAT DEAD TREE!



BUT AS DENNY HANDS JOE THE GLASSES, DICK SWINGS UP INTO THE TREE AND, WHEN JOE PEERS THROUGH THE LENSES, HE PICKS UP NOT DICK, BUT BARK HALL AND FAŠANI, LEANING ON A DEAD, FALLEN TREE. NATURALLY, HE MISTAKES BARK FOR DICK.

LIEUTENANT, I JUST GOT PUFF-TO REST A-PUFF-MINUTE! I'M NO MOUNTAIN PUFF-GOAT!

OKAY, TWO MINUTES - I'M KEEN ON GETTING TO THAT DEAD TREE FOR A LOOK-SEE.



OH, YEAH. SO THAT'S HIM, HUSKY, AINT HE. HE'S GOT A PAL WITH HIM...LITTLE SHRIMP.
WHAT?! GIMME THE GLAS- NEVER MIND. C'MON, WE'LL HANDLE 'EM.

WE'LL BEAR TO THE LEFT, SO WE CAN SNEAK UP, WITH THE TREE 'WEEN US AND THEM...YOU FLATTEN THE LITTLE GUY AND I'LL SEE TO IT COLE HAS AN... ACCIDENT!

BACK TO BARK HALL.

OKAY, FASANI, TIME'S UP. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE HUNDRED YARDS TO THE DEAD TREE. LET'S GO-



SLIPRY MUST'VE SEEN MY SIGNAL BY NOW. WHY DIDN'T I ARRANGE A RETURN SIGNAL!...WELL, I'M CLIMBING DOWN.

EVERYTHING IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN AT ONCE. DICK STARTS CLIMBING DOWN THE TREE, AS, SOME TWENTY FEET FROM ITS BASE, BARK HALL AND HIS COMPANION APPEAR AND PAUSE TO LOOK AROUND... JUST AS DENNY AND JOE REACH THE SIDE OF THE TREE AWAY FROM BARK AND FASANI...

AND BACK AT THE BRIDGE-



CORPL SLIPRY, FLASHES FROM THE DEAD TREE, LIEUTENANT COLE'S SIGNAL, I THINK.

DETONATE THE CHARGE AT THE FAR END FIRST, THEN THE ONE AT THIS END OF THE BRIDGE. CHECK EVERYTHING, THEN, LET HER GO.



QUESTION ^{no. 2} Is a prawn a chessman or a shrimp?

DICK IS HALFWAY DOWN
WHEN ACROSS THE RIDGES
COMES THE EXPLOSION—



—AND A SMALL BOULDER HURLES
THROUGH THE AIR TO PLUNK INTO
THE LARGE CAVITY AT THE BASE
OF THE DEAD FOREST GIANT, WITH—



MOST SURPRISING RESULTS!



IRRITATED AT HAVING HER
WINTER SLEEP DISTURBED,
THE BEAR SLUGGISHLY
CHARGES FROM HER BED—

TO HAVE THE STRUGGLING
FASANI AND JOE CRASH INTO HER.



WITH A TERRIFIC GROWL SHE ROARS INTO ACTION.



JOE AND FASANI DISPOSED OF, THE BEAR WHEELS ON BARK AND DENNY STRUGGLING ON
THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF.



DENNY SEES THE FURY
DESCENDING UPON THEM.
FRANTICALLY HE BREAKS AWAY
FROM BARK AND TURNS TO RUN— BUT—

DENNY LANDS A
GOOD 20 FEET AWAY
AS BARK IS SEIZED IN
A DEADLY EMBRACE.



DICK HITS THE
GROUND, AND CHARGES

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S BARK!



HELP!



ROARING
WITH PAIN, BRUIN DROPS BARK,
WHIRLS ON DICK, AND, DROPS
INTO SPACE
AS THE
LEDGE GIVES
WAY.



HOLY
COW! BARK'S
GOING OVER, TOO!



GOTCHA! UP YOU COME!
WHEW! JUST IN TIME!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE
SECOND CHARGE AT THE
BRIDGE IS DETONATED—



SENDING A SHOWER
OF ROCKS AND DEBRIS
FAR INTO THE AIR.



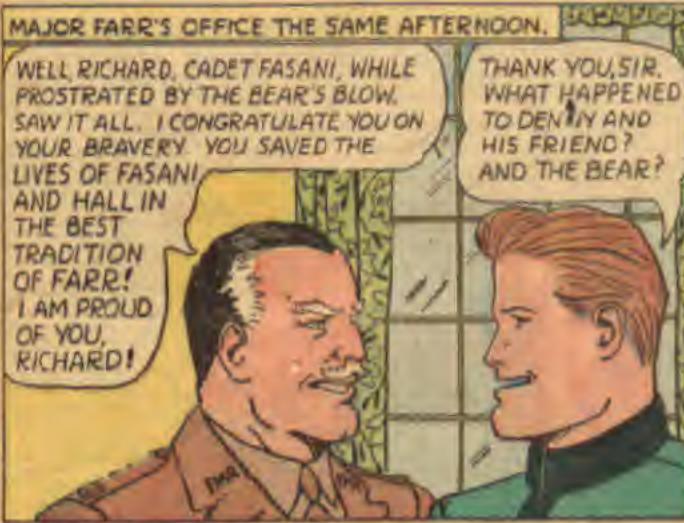
AND WEAVING SLOWLY
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN—

OH... OH... MY ARM! I...
GOTTA... GET OUT OF...
HERE... DIZZY... FEEL
DIZZY. GOT
TO SIT...
DOWN.



8

READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN KINGSTON COLE JR.
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.



THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE. BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

VOLTO

FROM
MARS



HIS STRANGE
MAGNETIC POWERS
SAVE HIM FROM
BEING TORN TO
BITS BY A
SAVAGE BEAST....

ON A CAMPING TRIP IN THE
NORTHWEST...

LOOK!
BEAR TRACKS!
AND A MAN'S
FOOTPRINTS,
TOO!

WOW! IT'S
VOLTO... BUT
HE CAN'T GET
FREE TO USE
HIS POWERS.
I'LL FIX THAT
BEAR!



FREED FROM THE GRIZZLY'S DEATH
GRIP....

NOW I'LL FINISH
THIS! WHEN I SAY
"VOLTO!" MY LEFT
HAND REPELS!



ON THE WAY BACK TO CAMP ANOTHER
FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY SEEKS REVENGE
FOR HIS MATE...



O.K., JIMMY!
STILL HAVE MY
GOOD RIGHT ARM!
WHEN I SAY
"VOLTO!" IT
ATTRACTS!

VOLTO!

BOY
AM I
BUSHED!

ME TOO!
I SURE NEED
SOME WHOLE-
GRAIN CEREAL
TO RECHARGE
MY MAGNETISM.
WHERE'S THE
GRAPE-NUTS
FLAKES?

BOY, THESE
GRAPE-NUTS
FLAKES ARE
GOOD! AND WE
NEED THEIR
WHOLE-GRAIN
ENERGY!



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TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

ABC NETWORK 4:15 MON. THRU FRI.

KRISKO AND JASPER

NO--THE BOYS AREN'T HAVING A MOVING MAN'S NIGHTMARE! FARMER MCCARRON'S HOMESTEAD IS THE MCCOY AND KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE GOT JUST FIVE AND ONE-HALF PAGES OF ACTION TO TRANSFER IT--CHICKENS, PIGS, AND ALL, VIA THEIR NOT VERY TRUSTY MOVING VAN TO THE NEXT STATE --AND THEN SOME!

JACLYN
HULARSEN



GUESS THERE'S NOTHIN' TO DO BUT GET STARTED --SO HERE GOES!

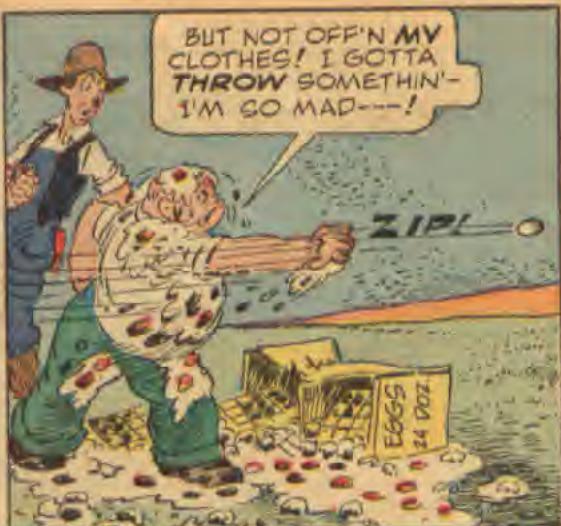
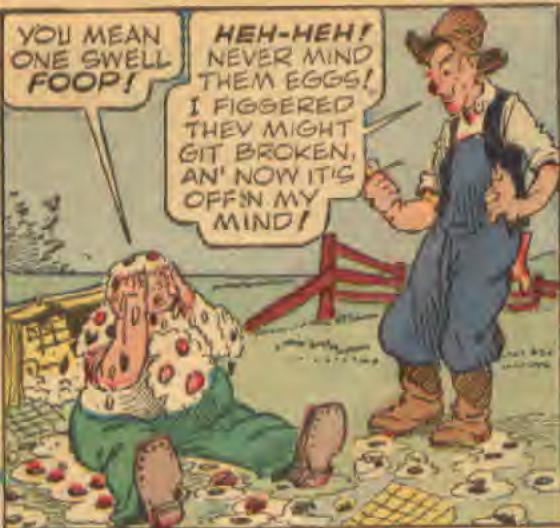
IT'S A PURDY FER PIECE TWHAR I'M GOIN'! I RECKON WE OUGHTA MOVE ALL THIS HERE IN ONE FELL SWORD!



TARNATION!

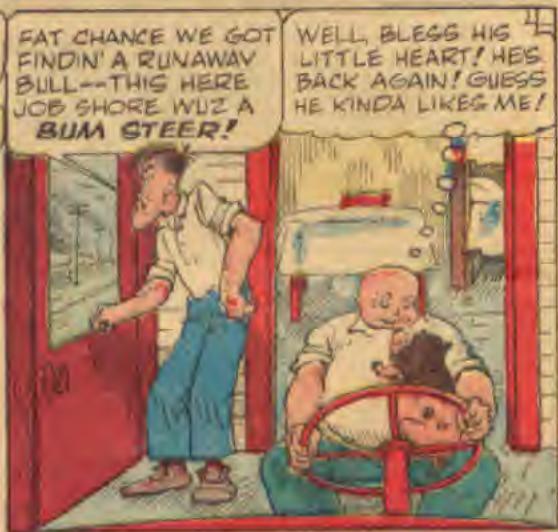
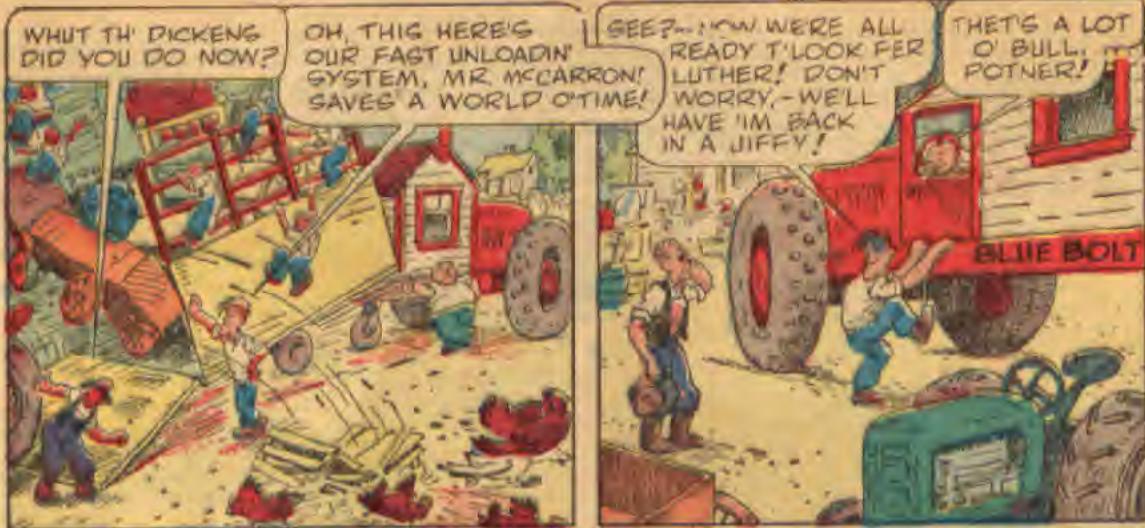


LIKE DETECTIVE TALES? READ THE NEW MAGAZINE YOUNG KING COLE.



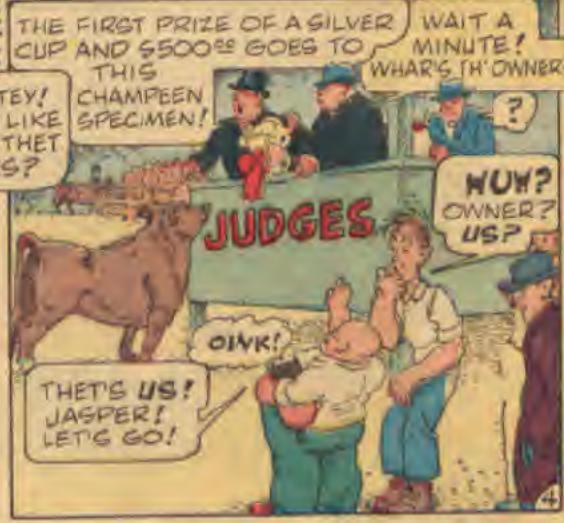
QUESTION No. 4 Is a "baker's dozen" 11, 12, or 13?





AFTER HOURS OF VAIN SEARCH, THE BOYS ARRIVE AT A COUNTY FAIR...!

THE FIRST PRIZE OF A SILVER CUP AND \$500⁰⁰ GOES TO THIS WHARF OWNER?

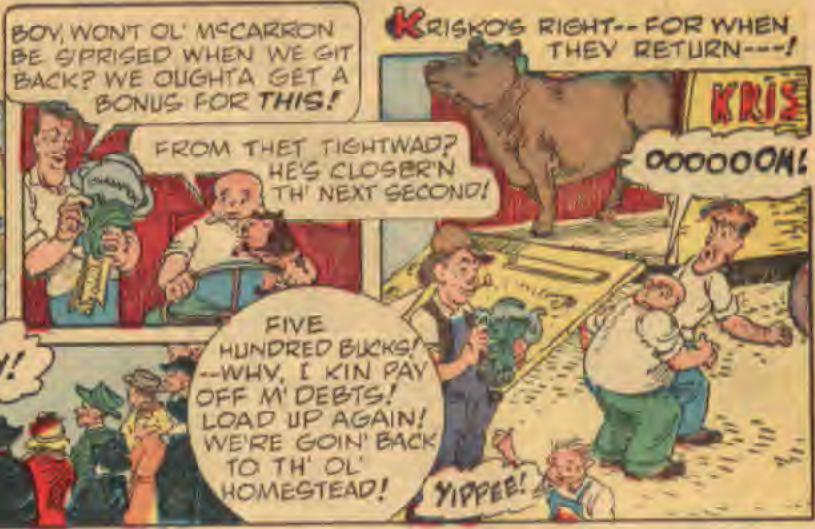


QUESTION Can you find the last name of a religious reformer on this page?

WITH LUTHER ABOARD,
THE BOYS RIDE OFF
ON A WAVE OF CHEERS!

BOY, WONT OL' McCARRON
BE SPURRISED WHEN WE GIT
BACK? WE OUGHTA GET A
BONUS FOR THIS!

KRISKO'S RIGHT--FOR WHEN
THEY RETURN--!



FIVE HOURS LATER, FOOTSORE AND DOGTIRIED, THE BOYS ARE BACK WHERE THEY STARTED FROM!

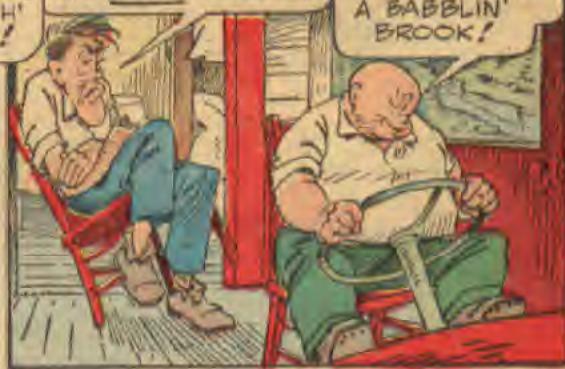
SINCE I DIDN'T EVEN NEED YOU T'MOVE ME, I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY YOU ANYTHING!--BUT, JUS' T SHOW YUH MY HEART IS IN TH' RIGHT PLACE--HERE'S YOUR FIFTY-BUCKS!

WHY, YOU OLD COOT, WE OUGHTA PUNCH THET SAW'D-OFF CORN-COB RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!



PHOOEY! NO MORE FARM JOBS FOR ME!
IT'S YOUR LOONY SPELLIN' GOT US INTER THET!--**"ANY SHAPE OR FARM"**--NUTS!

MY DOGG'S RE BARKIN' SO LOUD, I KAINT EVEN HEAR YUH!--LOOK WHAT'S OFF PORT BOW--A BABBLIN' BROOK!



DON'T THIS KINDA REMIND YUH HOW WE USED T' DANGLE OUR HOT DOGS OUT OL' BLUE BOLT? THEM WERE TH' DAYS!

DID YOU SAY-- HOT DOGS? BOY, I'M SO HUNGRY, I COULD EAT A KENNEL OF 'EM!





JOE KUBERT

SO SOMETHING CAME OUT OF ALL THAT WORK AFTER ALL--DOOLITTLE, THE PIGLET! AND WITH THIS ROLY-POLY ADDITION TO THE CREW, THE KRISKO AND JASPER MOVING VAN PUT-PUTS SMACK INTO ANOTHER DILEMMA IN THE NEXT ISSUE.....!

FLEERS...THE FAMILY'S FLAVOR-FAVORITE!

TALK ABOUT SWELL PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

HOW CAN I? DOGS CAN'T TALK!

LOOKING FOR BETTER GUM, GUMSHOE? YOU CAN'T BEAT FLEERS!

SO WHITE, SO NICE, SUCH FUN TO CHEW!

BLOW ME DOWN! FLEERS IS CANDY AND GUM, TOO!

LOTS FOR YOUR MONEY.. 12 BIG PIECES IN A BOX!!

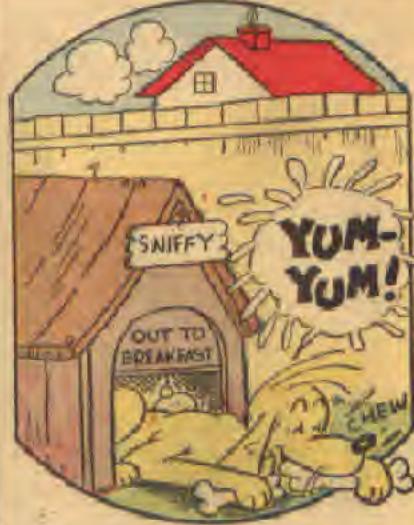
AND WHAT A HANDY BOX... THE PIECES COME OUT ONE AT A TIME!

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

FASTIDIOUS FOLKS FAVOR FLEERS!



LIKE WHODUNITS?? READ YOUNG KING COLE!



FOR THE TOPS IN DETECTIVE TALES, READ YOUNG KING COLE!

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



IN GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES
OF A CAPTURED ISLAND CON-
TAINING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE
ADMINISTRATION OF THE JAPS...

AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER,
A TRANSPORT AND
TWO ZEROS BLOWN
TO KINGDOM COME
BY ONE MAN! WHAT
A SCOOP FOR THIS
LADY REPORTER!

QUIT
BLABBERING,
MARG HESSUN,
AND GET IT
OVER WITH!

LOOK AT
ME NOW--
STUCK IN AN
OFFICE! BAH!



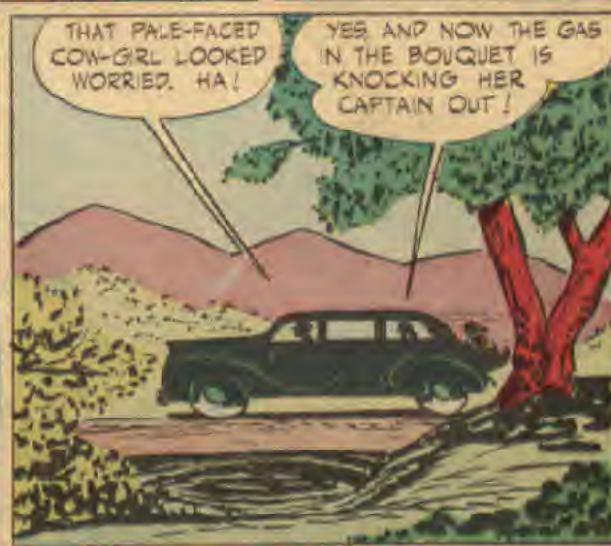
CAPTAIN BLUE BOLT, KINDLY
ACCEPT THIS HUMBLE GIFT
FOR LIBERATING MY
PEOPLE!



THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.



QUESTION #4 Is the monkey-puzzle a tree, game, or vase?





QUESTION: Is botany the study of the vegetable or animal kingdom?





LIVE DETECTIVE TALES? READ THE NEW MAGAZINE YOUNG KING COIE.

FEARLESS FELLERS



By Joe Dennis

AT THE FEARLESS FELLERS' CLUB HOUSE~



SLEIGH RIDING
IS OLD FASHIONED!
LET'S GO SKIING!

JUST CAUSE
YOU GOT SKIS
FOR CHRISTMAS-
WHAT ARE WE
GONNA DO?



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.

YOU GUYS CAN
MAKE SKIS OUT
OF BARREL STAVES-

GOOD IDEA/
INKY, GO
FIND A
BARREL-

HERE
'TIG~

BOY! THIS
IS GONNA
BE FUN!

I'M GOIN'
HOME AND
GET MY
SKIS--



QUESTION No. 5 What sensational part of skiing was developed in the United States?





Q QUESTION NO. 9 What does the French word "sabot", a part of the English word sabotage, mean?



A REAL COWBOY NOW

By

WIN CLINGER

TAD tossed and turned restlessly in his bed. It had been hours since his father had said to him, "Well, fellow, if you're going to help Jim Steward take his cattle to pasture tomorrow, you'd better get some sleep. Six o'clock will come quickly, and you'll be in the saddle all day." But still Tad couldn't sleep.

It was not excitement alone that kept him awake. Naturally, he was thrilled that Mr. Steward had thought he was a good enough rider to ask him to help out. He had worked hard to learn to ride in the month and a half on the Wyoming dude ranch with his family. But it was Ramond's disapproval that upset him now!

Ramond was Mr. Steward's sea cowboy. Tad thought he was just about the best rider he'd ever seen and was sure no one could rope and tie as well as Ramond. Unfortunately, the adoration was not mutual. Ramond didn't want to be bothered with Tad, thought he was just a sissy Eastern boy and never forgot that the lad was a dude.

* * *

So Tad lay thinking about the roundup, hoping that he'd do a good job and Ramond wouldn't be angry.

It seemed only a few minutes until he felt his bed shaking. He looked up to see his father bending over him saying, "It's time to get up, Tad, you have overslept."

Dreamed and up at the corral. Tad pulled the cinch tightly under Sundown's stomach, tested the saddle,

swung himself up. Off they went at a fast gallop through the fields. But Tad was sick because he knew he'd been the one to delay them. "Boy," he thought, "Ramond will really be mad now."

After a half hour's ride at a full gallop, Tad and his father finally caught up with Jim Steward and Ramond riding behind the herd of cattle. "It was my fault we were late, Mr. Steward. I overslept the alarm — guess I was too excited last night and was making up for lost time this morning."

"That's o.k., Tad. I knew you'all would catch up so we went on. Mornin' Mr. Walsh, some fine ridin' you did there — made good time."

Jim and Tad's father started talking, and Tad turned to Ramond.

"Hello," Tad said, "I'm sorry I'm late — how's Jiggs this morning?"

Jiggs was Ramond's dog, and Ramond never went anywhere without him.

"Knew ya'd not get here on time — Jiggs is o.k. — you cover that there upper right side and don't get yerself in any trouble. I can't be watchin' ye every minute," Ramond growled.

Tad reined Sundown over to the right and rode up behind the cattle. His father had gone over to the far left of the herd. Jim was next and then Ramond who was nearest Tad. Except for keeping close watch of the cattle, the riding was easy. Tad rode slowly along, thinking that he'd never had such a good time in all

his life.

Just as he was beginning to think that he'd become a cowboy for life, he heard a terrific snort from two bulls up ahead and saw them pounce at something on the ground not far from him. He rode up quickly to see Jiggs right in their path. He started to yell for Ramond, but realized that the cowboy couldn't get there in time. So he gritted his teeth, spurred Sundown, and rode into the midst of the fray, shouting at the top of his lungs. He whipped his rope around his head, and let it slap the animals as he'd seen the riders in the rodeo do. After quite a struggle, he diverted the attention of the bulls and Jiggs was able to escape.

Ramond heard the skirmish and raced over, cursing under his breath. He arrived just in time to see what Tad had done for Jiggs! He dismounted to look the dog over and found him o.k. except for a sore paw.

Then Ramond rode over to Tad. "You're quite a cowboy, young feller, and I thank you a lot fer savin' my dog. If it hadn't been for you, ole Jiggs here might have been lunch fer them ole bulls. You can go along with me jest any time ya want ta."

Tad was so happy that he couldn't say anything. "Gee," he thought, "am I a lucky guy. I bet the fellows back home would like to be able to ride anywhere Ramond rides—he's a real cowboy, and what's more, he thinks I'm a pretty good one myself."



Sergeant Spook

FICTION BECOMES A FACT AND A THRILLING ADVENTURE FOR SERGEANT AND JERRY, WHEN THEY MEET THE WILD-RIDING--
"HEADLESS HORSEMAN"!

BY
DON RICO

The HEADLESS HORSEMAN
by Washington IRVING

ONE NIGHT--

OH, GOSH!
I'LL NEVER GET
STARTED ON MY
ENGLISH HOMEWORK!

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE,
JERRY?

GLAD YOU DROPPED
IN, SPOOK! I'M TO
WRITE A THESIS
ON WASHINGTON
IRVING'S "HEADLESS
HORSEMAN" BUT I
CAN'T GET INTO
THE MOOD!

SUPPOSE I TAKE YOU OUT
TO SLEEPY HOLLOW, AND SHOW
YOU WHERE ICABOD CRANE
FIRST SAW THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN--

SOUNDS SWELL
LET'S GO!

(SIGH!)
(SIGH!)

MAYBE I
CAN FIX
THAT!

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE, BUT HE RUNS ONE OF
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

MINUTES
LATER-

WE'RE OVER
SLEEPY HOLLOW NOW!
HERE WE GO FOR A
FOUR-POINT LANDING!

YOUR ZEPHYR
CYCLE SURE
TRAVELS FAST!

THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN WAS
FIRST SEEN
ON THIS ROAD!

WHAT A
CREEPY
PLACE!
LISTEN!
SOMEONE'S
COMING!

BETTER GET
OFF THE ROAD!
CAN'T TELL
WHEN THE
HEADLESS
HORSEMAN
WILL BE
RIDING AGAIN!

RIDING
AGAIN?

HE'S BEEN RIDING ALMOST EVERY
NIGHT LATELY - SCARED NEARLY
EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN! BUT I'M
NOT SCARED! NOT CYRUS SLOCUM!
I'LL TRACK THE
DEMON DOWN!

GOSH! THAT
MAN MUST
BE LOCO!



(COUGH!)

SUDDENLY!!

A GALLOPING
HORSE! OUT OF
THE WAY!!



QUESTION
No. 10. How did "loco" come to mean "mad"?



THIS TERROR HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED!

SEEMS STRANGE THAT A HORSE CAN RIDE THROUGH A BUILDING!

IN BACK OF THE INN--

THE HOOFPRINTS AGAIN! THEY LEAD RIGHT FROM THE INN!

GOSH! THAT PROVES THE HORSE RODE THROUGH THIS PLACE! GUESS OUR BEST BET IS TO KEEP FOLLOWING THE HOOFPRINTS ---

C'MON, JERRY! WELL DO SOME HUNTING ON OUR OWN!



...AFTER A SHORT DISTANCE...

THEY STOP HERE ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER. THERE ARE NO TRACKS ON THE ICE!

WELL, MOVE ON; MAYBE WE'LL HIT ON SOMETHING ELSE!



THEN--A BLOTH ON THE SNOW--A HUMAN FIGURE!---

THAT LOOKS LIKE CYRUS SLOCUM! COME ON!



DEAD! --CRUSHED TO DEATH--AND THERE ARE HOOFPRINTS ON HIM!

THAT MEANS --THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN!



THROUGH THE LONELY COUNTRYSIDE, THE PAIR TRUDGE, EVER SEARCHING FOR A CLUE... BUT ENDLESS SNOW, ETCHED WITH GRIM SHADOWS IS ALL THEY SEE... AND THE MOURNFUL WHISTLING OF THE WIND IS ALL THEY HEAR!

IT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS TO BE WANDERING AROUND HERE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE INNKEEPER-- HE'S LIABLE TO MEET THE SAME FATE!



QUESTION No. 11. Is the Colorado River in North America or South America?

ANOTHER DESPERATE
SEARCH, AND—

THERE HE IS!
MR THOMAS!
MR THOMAS!

WHEW!
AT LAST!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
BOY? WHAT ARE YOU
ROAMING AROUND
FOR? THIS HUNT
IS A MAN'S JOB!

IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS
FOR ANYBODY.
CYRUS SLOCUM
IS DEAD!
I FOUND HIS
BODY!

DEAD?...
POOR CY!! HE WAS
MY FRIEND! WHAT A
HORRIBLE WAY FOR
HIM TO DIE—
TRAMPLED ON
BY THAT BEAST!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M GOING
BACK TO THE INN AND PACK
MY THINGS AND GET OUT!
YOU'D BETTER GO ON HOME,
TOO, BOY!...OR YOU'LL
BE A DEAD ONE!

GUESS WE'LL
HAVE TO GIVE UP TOO,
SPOOK! WE CAN'T HANDLE
A WILD HORSE, AND A HEAD-
LESS MAN!

SOON AFTER—

HERE WE ARE, BUT
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU--
—LISTEN! THE
HOOFBEATS!

I'M
GOING!

HMM! JERRY, WE'RE
GOING BACK TO WHERE WE
CAME FROM, AND I DON'T
MEAN HOME! WE'RE GOING
TO THAT ROAD WHERE
WE SAW THE HORSE!



SCANT
SECOND
LATER, A
WILDLY
GALLOPING
STEED
APPEARS!

THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN!
IT'S AFTER ME!!



JERRY BREAKS
INTO A
DESPERATE
RUN - THE
SPEEDY
DEMON IN HOT
PURSUIT!



IT WENT OVER YOU.
I EXPECTED THAT! THIS
BEGINS TO ADD UP! HMM,
MUST HAVE COME FROM
SOMEPLACE ON THE
OPPOSITE SIDE! THAT
SHACK'S THE MOST
LIKELY--
COME ON!

INSIDE THE SHACK--

WELL, WELL--A
MOVIE PROJECTOR!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THE FILM!

HERE'S OUR HORSE,
JERRY! IT'S ON THIS FILM,
AND WAS THROWN ONTO
THE SNOWY HILLSIDE!



IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A SOUND
TRACK, TOO -- THAT GAVE OFF
HOOFBEATS GREATLY
AMPLIFIED! HMM--A REMOTE
CONTROL SWITCH, TOO!

DON'T MOVE, BRIGHT
BOY! VERY PLEASED
WITH YOURSELF, AREN'T
YOU?

THOMAS!



QUESTION
No. 12 Is there such a thing as a holy cow?



I'LL TALK! I DISCOVERED OIL IN THE STREAM NEAR-BY--A FORTUNE IN IT--BUT THE STREAM IS GOVERNMENT PROPERTY--I COULDN'T GET AT THE OIL WITHOUT INTERFERENCE--UNLESS I DROVE EVERYONE AWAY!

I'M SOMEWHAT OF AN INVENTOR SO I RIGGED UP THE PROJECTOR AND RAN IT FROM MY INN BY REMOTE CONTROL. I KEPT A HORSE IN THE RAVINE, AND RODE IT AROUND BEFOREHAND TO MAKE THE HOOF-PRINTS!

SCARED EVERYONE AWAY BUT CYRUS--STUBBORN FOOL! I HAD TO KILL HIM!

YOU MADE IT LOOK AS IF HE HAD BEEN TRAMPLED ON AND PRETENDED YOU WERE NEARLY TRAMPLED! WE'RE GOING TO THE SHERIFF!



AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE--

WE'VE GOT THOMAS'S CONFESSION DOWN! HE'LL STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER! WHAT BEATS ME IS HOW A KID LIKE YOU GOT WISE--

WELL--HUUH-- CALL IT INTUITION!



SPOOK, WHEN DID YOU SUSPECT THOMAS?

WHEN HE SAID SLOCUM HAD BEEN TRAMPLED TO DEATH! WE HADN'T SAID HOW SLOCUM HAD DIED!

THINK YOU'RE IN THE MOOD TO WRITE ABOUT THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN NOW, JERRY?



SPOOK--I COULD WRITE A BOOK!



COPS AND ROBBERS.

HELLO 'HEADQUARTERS...?

REPORTING A ROBBERY. I GOT
ONE OF THEM!

GOOD-GOOD-WHICH ONE?

THE ONE THAT WAS HELD UP!

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHY THE SARGASSO SEA, A PATCH OF OCEAN IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, IS ENTIRELY COVERED WITH SEAWEED! ITS EXISTENCE WAS FIRST REPORTED BY COLUMBUS.

EVERYONE KNOWS HOW DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS TASTE — AND HOW FAST THEY RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!

THIS STUFF ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE CANDY!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL - 5¢

TRADE

MARR

Edison Bell



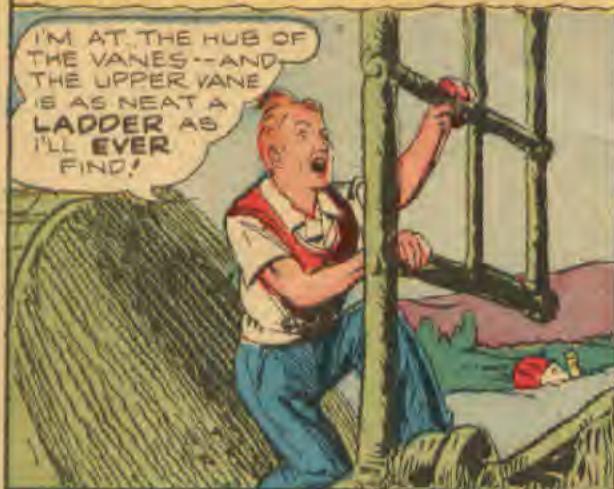
FOR THRILLING ADVENTURE READ YOUNG KING COLE!



QUESTION
No. 18 Four-vane windmills are very common in what country?



ED'S PLAN IS FANTASTIC--YET PRACTICAL!
DANGEROUSLY PRACTICAL!



THE SIGNAL IS CHANGED! -- AND ED'S HEART BEATS FAST! HE HEARS THE TRAIN ROAR BY--INTACT!



ED MAKES THE MISTAKE OF RE- ENTERING THE MILL!



THE FRANTIC GUNMEN SET FIRE TO THE MILL -- BUT AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE--



THE GUN DUEL IS SHORT-LIVED-- BOTH CRIMINALS STOP BLUGS AND GIVE UP!



ED EXPLAINS ALL -- AND THE BOYS ARE CONGRATULATED!



BORROW IT? HA! HA! TAKE IT!--THIS IS RAILROAD PROPERTY!--I'M SURE THEY'LL BE GLAD TO TRADE ONE STONE WHEEL FOR A THOUSAND RUBBER ONES! -- YOU SEE, THOSE CROOKS WERE AFTER A SHIPMENT OF NEW TIRES!



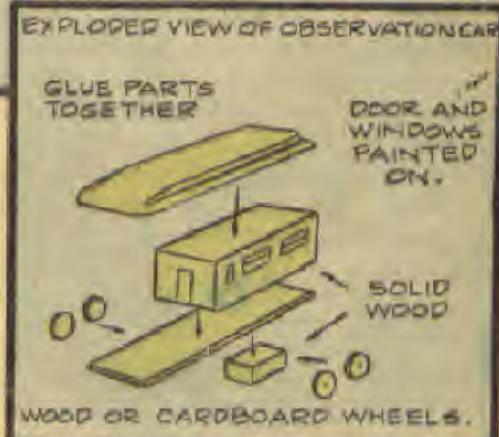
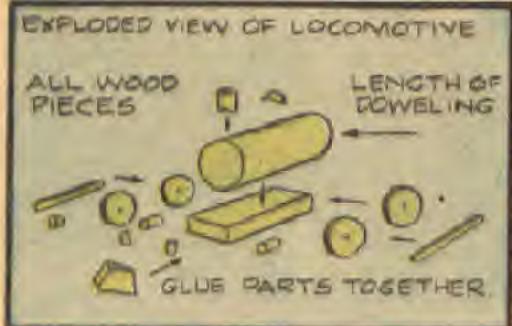
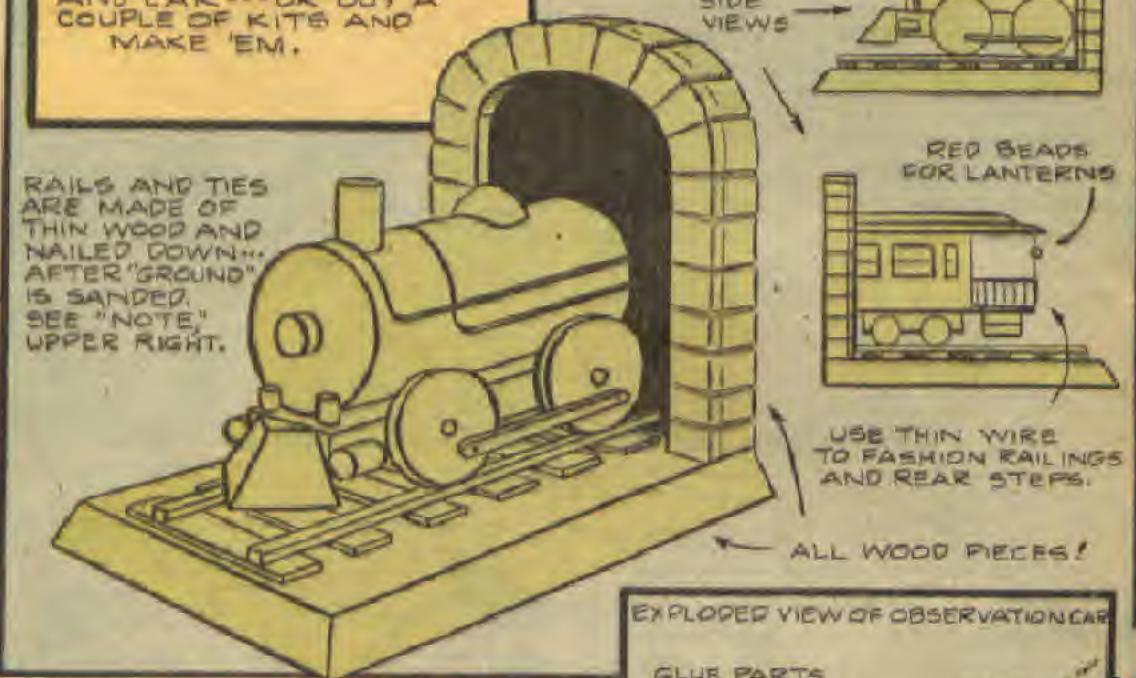
MAKE THESE ALL WOOD

TRAIN and TUNNEL BOOK ENDS

RIGHT THROUGH THE BOOKS!

HERE'S A PAIR OF BOOK ENDS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR PALS SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE. THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE, TOO! IF YOU WANT TO SAVE TIME, CUT DOWN AN OLD TOY LOCOMOTIVE AND CAR --- OR BUY A COUPLE OF KITS AND MAKE 'EM.

NOTE: TO GIVE THE "GROUND" AND STONE WORK ON THE TUNNELS A REALISTIC FINISH, PAINT WITH SHELLAC AND DUST SAND ONTO IT BEFORE IT DRIES.



BUY YOUR COPY OF YOUNG KING COLE. IT'S CHOCK FULL OF EXCITING DETECTIVE YARNS. ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.

FEAR

o By o
HELEN BLAIR

"THESE Minnesota winters are really rugged," reflected Jeff Hawley, as he adjusted his ski straps and slid down the snowbank. When he turned to wave goodbye to the fellows gathered in the doorway, he could barely distinguish their outlines through whirling flakes.

This storm promised to be the heaviest of the season; radio reports warned the citizens of the city to stay indoors . . . just wait it out. All the transit systems were tied up, telephone wires were down beneath the weight of the snow. Anybody who had to travel used snowshoes, or skis, as Jeff was doing. The difference between Jeff and the other travelers was that they were natives, accustomed to the difficult winters, and the problems involved, and most of them were expert skiers. Jeff qualified on the last of these. His years in an eastern school at home, had developed this skill.

He felt confident as he headed north out of the city. He was delivering a telegram, a small piece of yellow paper, ten words . . . the key to the happiness of two old people. For days before the blizzard struck, Mr. and Mrs. Carson had haunted the telegraph office, just sitting together on the bench in the corner, waiting for news of their young grandson. Word came from the southern hospital that the operation was to take place in two days, a very small chance of recovery, but a chance that must be taken with their o.k. The Carsons had been at home for those two days, waiting by the phone, safely inside their little farmhouse while the winds mounted in fury. Occupied with his thoughts, Jeff failed at first to notice the skulking shadows circling about him as he slid over the drifted snow. Then he recalled the warnings of the fellows. Timber wolves! They came to the outskirts of the city during a

storm. They came in groups, ready to attack at the first cringing sign of fear. Fear was not foreign to Jeff, though he'd hoped it had passed with his childhood. He plunged forward against the wind, watching the shadows weave toward him and then away again. Jeff shivered . . . not from the cold, but from the knowledge that fear had to be stilled. A piercing howl cut through the wind. "They can't sense my very thoughts," muttered Jeff. The howl sounded once more. "I'm not afraid, I can't be, won't be . . ." Then came the fall, over a tree stump poking up out of the snow. Jeff was face down in the cold. He scrambled to his feet in time to discern the faces of the animals as they came close. He stood perfectly straight, very still, hardly breathing. The wolves lingered, circled about him, slunk back . . . and away.

Jeff delivered the telegram, saw the smiling faces and the tears of relief. He returned to the city, singing into the wind. What a story for the guys!

— THE END —

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF BLUE BOLT, published 10 issues per year, at Philadelphia, Penn., for October 8, 1945.

Sign of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia | =

Before me, a Notary Public to and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Wheeler, who, having been duly sworn to speak the truth, did say that he is the Editor in Chief. But does not the following to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, or the publications in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 207, Postal Laws and Regulations, inserted on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co., Inc., 111 West 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler; 16 Colonial Road, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jim Sennett, 1062 20th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Ross.

2. That the owner is: 12 owners in a corporation, the name and address must be stated and also immediate business of the names and addresses of stockholders owning 1% or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. It owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. The Premium Service Co., Inc., 111 West 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.; The Color Publishing Company, Philadelphia 3, Penns.

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ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of October, 1945.

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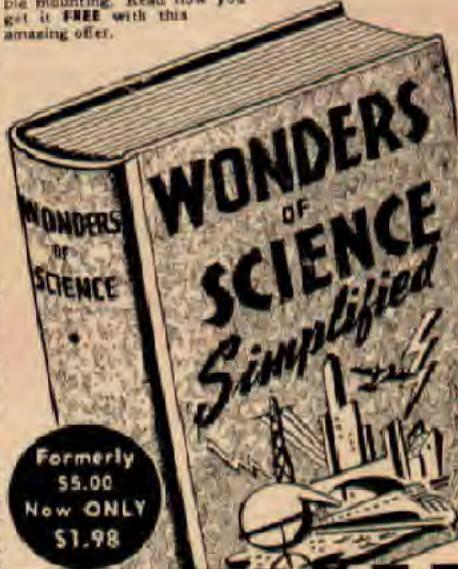
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"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Part and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK

CROQUET SET
GENE AUTRY GUITAR
FLASHLIGHT
KITCHENWARE
DISHES
BOXING GLOVES
ARCHERY SET
TRAVELING CASE
GAMES

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. OUR 28th YEAR.

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 530, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 530, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____